Where Kedron's sparkling waters flow And Mount Moriah lifts his head Above the sunny plain,

Two brothers owned-as one-'tis said, A field of golden grain. And when the autumn days had come And all the shocks and sheaves Stood walting for the "harvest home,"

Among the withering leaves. The elder brother sat one night, "I'm stronger far than Saul, My younger brother, 'tis but right That I should give him all These sheaves that grow upon the plain We own together, so

I'll put with his my stacks of grain, And he will never know! Scarce had be left the sheaves of wheat When quietly there came Across the fields with stealthy feet,

And errand just the same-The younger lad who said: "I see My brother Simon's need Is greater far than mine, for he

Hath wife and child to feed; And so to him I'll give my sheaves, It is but right, I know-And he will never think who leaves These wheat stacks on his row!

Next morning when the brothers twain Began to count their store, Behold! each found his stacks of grain To number as before! "Why! how is this?" in great surprise Each to himself then said-'T'll watch to night and see who tries Phese trick: when I'm abed?"

They met-each one bent o'er With shocks and sheaves of golden grain To swell his brother's store Good Saul and Simon! Would to-day More brothers could be found Who seek each other's good alway,

And so, half way across the plain

And in kind deeds abound.

-Youth's Companion. WON BY STRATEGY.

A True Story of How Love Asserted Itself.

> [Written for This Paper.] "Boaming through the green fields, Gathering wild flowers; As quickly fly the hours."



Ora Dalton, one molding. bright summer Arthur Warren, am to have a taste of city life."

reposing at full near by, thought Arthur, laughing.

he had ever heard. She was not aware of his presence until almost at his side.

"Pardon me, miss! I see I have alarmed you!" he said, rising book in hand, as she began to retreat. "I-I didn't know any one was

here!" she faltered, evidently startled better; and for his sake I should inby so unexpected an encounter with a sist on ending our acquaintance then

At this juncture there was a shower of blossoms at her feet from her you. I am glad I have learned wisdom flower-laden apron, which, in her con- in time," replied Arthur, jocularly. fusion she had forgotten to retain

hold of. A am sorry I interrupted your to recover her treasures. "It was very sweet and quite appropriate, too. mind. Here we have the maiden and the wild

flowers.' "Yes," she replied, archly. "But

of her lover away at sea!" "And you-" he rejoined with a roguish laugh-"was thinking of a

queenly little head, and an unnatural, voice as she retorted: "I have more interesting things to

think about than lovers!" "What can be more interesting to a

questioner looked the surprise that he | the hearts of all by her sweet and gen-"The love you speak of promises me nothing but blasted hopes, if I were the meadow alone. Bertha was always ever foolish enough to be begulied by with them; and somehow, Ora could dependent fortune." are called Lady Monday, Lady Tuesday, etc., and Monday is the first. it. I cherish love, but it is a love that not have told why, their meetings never changes, the love of my dear grew less and less enjoyable to her. evening in the Dalton home. Ora was Sultana was about sixteen years old father, and of dear Aunt Prue, who Arthur was as kind and attentive as so wholly pre-occupied with anticipa- and had been his wife about two years

Ora Dalton said all this with great toward Bertha. earnestness, which seemed to increase eyes grew inexpressibly soft and ten- garded him as her especial guest.

ened entranced, he felt that the peer- two very much to themselves.

The subject thus opened led to a long In the short space of a month she and animated discussion in which Ar- changed from a blooming, vivacious thur was forced to see that his heart's girl into a pale, quiet woman, in whose idel, notwithstanding her youth and face a history was written. Slowly beauty, was a confirmed cynic on the but surely her aunt learned the sad subject of leve. It was soon apparent | truth that her darling Ora had given to him that she reflected the embittered her heart unsought to the lover of thoughts and feelings of the aunt, of Bertha Lenox.

whom she had spoken so affectionately. The good lady had fondly believed This aunt was an elderly spinster that she had inspired her niece with a "whose love-blighted life had always | contempt of love so strong as to destroy been as an open book of experience to her natural susceptibility. Poor, un-

her," as also expressed it. people that they took no note of any folly, when too late. thing until they were at last recalled to their surroundings by a loud peal ject of the latter's hopeless love, wisely aunt's kindly forethought. of thunder. Looking up they saw the concluding that the girl would be hapsky black with ominous clouds and a pier in supposing the secret safe in her and the love; of her youth, now blind little later a drenching rain was pour- own breast.

ing down upon them. Arthur, because of his delicate health, had taken the precaution to the following week.

ened to the Dalton farm house. about me," said Ora, anxiously. Then spare Arthur useless anxiety. He has three short months brightening, she added, with child- been unexpectedly summoned to Cali- Arthur had first met. like simplicity: "I am glad you are fornia on business which will detain to see her. I know you will be friends him there about a year. He can not shoulder, and he the subject of her green and gold braid around her head. at once, just as we are."

"I hope so!" Arthur replied, thrilled leaving me unprovided for."

"No!" she answered. "Friends are that the wedding should take place how truly and fondly I love her!" he on a divan and smoked her cigarette age, this agony of suspense. We held cares and sorrows of life more burdenseldom together enough to grow tired | there. of each other. I believe that love is Ora, awaking from a troubled sleep encircled her. as true as friendship, until it loses its on the sofa, was a silent listener to "You are false to Berthal" she cried, that was being pretty lazy, but pretty as clear as if it had been day. We saw novelty, which it is pretty certain to the entire conversation. When left indignantly, struggling to free her- women can do any thing and we only the elephant tossing the strong canvas -A brewer of San Jose, Cal., un do after a few months of married life." alone she arose, with a feverish light self. "What an odd, little philosopher in her eyes, and hurried to her room. Bertha sent me to you!" he an- ed grace. It wouldn't do for ugly door-mat. Thrust after thrust was a distance of seven miles. After you are!" commented Arthur.

gently reproved the girl for allowing observed she stole noiselessly down has arrived. secessarily for publication, but as an evidence herself to be overtaken by such a the stairs and out of the house.

> At her cordial invitation he accompanied them into the house and re-

> a few weeks' rest and recreation.

him. "Our house and grounds will employment. always be open to you."



I'M SORRY I INTERRUPTED YOUR SONG. As Arthur looked into her genial,

could only be the result of a great and Ora.

Dalton's hospitality. To him the hours passed in Ora's Now, what can I do for you?" society seemed like moments spent in hours to Ora, also, and she was too timidly. artless to wish to conceal the fact. Miss Dalton evidently had no fear that Arthur would make any impression upon the heart of her niece. No

doubt she felt confident that it had become invincible under her careful "What do you think?" exclaimed morning, as she Ora, in great glee, one day, as she and merrily tripped Arthur started for a walk. "Aunt lection very sweetly and expressively. from that quarter, but I found these through her father's Prue is going to employ a companion meadow, culling na- for me. She says I am too old for my ture's sweets and years, and that it is because I have had "And your voice sounds to me like an drinking in nature's too little intercourse with congenial echo from the past. What is your girls of my own age. Next winter I name?"

"If you go to the city you may exlength on the grass | pect to have lovers by the score," said

creature he had when they found themselves treated been changed." ever seen, and her like so many nobod voice the sweetest characteristic reply.

"What would you say if a very dear friend were to tell you that he loved you?" and he looked at her searchingly, as he put the question. "I should say," she answered, her eyes frankly meeting his, "that the sooner he learned to forget me the

"Just what one might expect from

"You are to be congratulated," she returned, in the same tone. Arthur was silent awhile and his song," said Arthur, as he assisted her agitated face plainly showed that

"What is the matter?" asked Ora. the maiden in the song was thinking exactly suit as a companion for you." heart broken, to the home of my pa- freely open .- W. Hamilton Gibson, in

"She was one of my earliest playlover over yonder in town, perhaps," mates," he replied, evasively. Her would satisfy her but to share my lot one Harper Catches a Glimpse of the There was a scornful toss of the name is Bertha Lenox, and she would at whatever sacrifice. I resolved to vindictive ring in the clear, young summer in this quiet, country re- her. I hoped that she would then the court physician of Sultan Abdul

and answered. Aunt Prue was con- her that I hoped to do. sulted; and in the course of a few days it promises for the future?" and her Dalton family, where she at once won burst into a flood of tears.

Arthur and Ora no longer met in

as she proceeded, while her speaking but it was evident that Bertha re- position. Orn and her aunt, observing this As Arthur Warren looked and list- and not wishing to intrude, left the

less girl before him, whose very name It was not long before Ora declined he had yet to learn, held the happiness to accompany Bertha in her walks. of his life in her hands. "Would she She did not feel like going, she would make or marit?" he tremblingly asked say, and her pale face and weary eyes certainly confirmed the statement.

sophisticated Aunt Pruc! How bitterly So deeply engaged were the young she repreached herself for her blind

She said nothing to Ora on the sul-

One evening, Bertha blushingly told better imagined than described. Suffice Miss Dalton that she was to be married | it to say that a complete reconciliation

bear to think of going so far away and thoughts, stood beside her.

storm-at the same time kindly "I can not stay and see them mar-

despise myself." mained with them until the rain was her distracted brain as she rapidly that would make you realize your love Miss Dalton was all solicitude when about a mile distant. She boarded the ized it. Will my little cynic forgive

she learned that their friend, as Ora east-bound train which was just ready the cruelly kind stratagem that has styled Arthur, had come to the coun- to move out. Her vague plan was to made her mine?" try at the advice of his physician, for go to the city and endeavor to secure | For answer she drew close to him "Ora and I will do what we can to trusted that her pocket money would breast. make your stay pleasant!" she assured supply her wants until she could find A week later there was a triple wed-

arrested by the following:

"WANTED-A person with literary tastes as a long-suffering Aunt Prue. eader for a blind gentleman. Call on or adress, PAUL ARNOLD, Blank Street, New Ora's hopes rose high. She loved

deal to her aunt. She spent the night in a hotel. The next morning, after forcing herself to swallow a few mouthsful of breakfast. she called a conveyance and was driven directly to the number indicated in the advertisement.

The tuilding was a perfect dream of palatial beauty, with its broad marble pair of leaves, and every individual front and its statuary, fountains and flowers.

Ora was conducted into a spaciou study, where she found the blind gentleman sitting before a type-writer. "Be seated; I will attend in moment!" he said, continuing to intelligent face he felt that distrust of manipulate the keys of the instrument

"When I stop in the middle of a sen-Arthur and Ora met almost every tence," he said, apologetically, as he day thereafter. The meadow was a turned from his work, "I am apt to favorite resort of both, and Arthur forget the last word. This obliges me was not slow to avail himself of Miss to employ the eyes of another, which shape of an upright wand, each three-I never do when it can be avoided.

"I am here in answer to your ad paradise. They were very happy vertisement for a reader," said Ora, arms full indeed, and seemed conscious

"Very well. Then, read from the treasured volume, And lend to the rhyme of the poet The beauty of thy voice."

ume of Longfellow's poems, that lay convenient to his hand. As Ora turned the familiar page she grew self-assured, and read a se "You read with no ordinary appreciation!" said her delighted listener.

He smillingly held out to her a vol-

"Ora Dalton," was the reply. "Dalton!" he fairly gasped the name "Then you are probably related to her the loveliest "They would desert me, I fancy, But I suppose her name has long since a long flat ribbon for each leaf, pre-

> ton still. "My child," said the blind gentletrusting affection."

exclaimed Ora, rising and starting to- fertilization by insects. ward the door.

you will!" he pleaded.

at him as if spell-bound. sumed, "I was suddenly stricken with planation had to be abandoned. In the something unusual was passing in his blindness, the result of paralysis of the clover tribe the nocturnal positions al-"Is she a friend of yours?" inquired rents. I wrote no word of explana- Harper's Magazine. tion to Prudence, realizing that if she learned what had befallen me nothing like nothing better than to spend a let her suppose that I had deserted



ing nature occurred, owing to her The meeting between Miss Dalton and aged beyond recognition, can be

They found Aunt Prue in the door welled and carrying a small vallee, time to dewote to her brother Arthur, Y. Times.

"Yes," he continued, answering her and you one side of the paper. Be particularly storm—at the same time kindly around in giving pames and dates, to have at thanking Arthur for the service he witters and figures plata and distinct.

Lenox is my half sister. I designedly and Aunt Prue would despise me as I allowed you to mistake my brotherly look of blank wonderment. "Bertha attentions to her. I rightly judged This thought kept whirling through that you would feel a sense of loss pursued her way to the little station, for me, as I have all the while real-

> a situation as family governess. She and buried her blushing face on his ding in the Dalton parlor, uniting re-

> Purchasing an avening paper, she spectively Arthur Warren and Ora eagerly glanced through the adver- Dalton, Horace Manning and Bertha tisements. Her attention was quickly Lenox-and last, but not least, noble, self-denying Paul Arnold and dear, BARBARA WHITSON.

FLOWERS AT NIGHT. literature and had read aloud a great | The Nature of the Nocturnal Movements and Attitudes of Plants. The clovers are indeed a drowsy family; they keep regular hours and make a thorough business of their slumbers-red clover-with their heads tucked under their wings, as it were, the young blossom clusters completely hooded beneath the overlapping upper leaf below bowed with folded palms. The white clovers were similarly wellbrought up, and continued their vespers through the livelong night, their little praying bands to be seen everywhere along the path. The yellow hop-clover played all sorts of antics with its leaves without seeming rhyme human nature in such a heart as hers with a rapidity that greatly surprised or reason. The tall bush clover, rising here and their among the slumberous peds, presented a complete surprise, being entirely changed from its diurnal aspect, the ordinary generous leafy spread of foliage now assuming the foliate leaf being raised upon its stem, with the leaflets folded inward, clasping the maternal stalk. It had its of its heavy responsibility. The trailing ground-nut vine and the delicate wild bean were hardly recognizable in their odd night-dress; and the desmodiums at the border of the woods presented a singular contrast of drooping listlessness, with each leastet hanging as vertically as a plummet. I sought the familiar plumy beds of the little partridge-pea, wondering what sort of a reception I would meet

> the sensitive mimosa, which they so much resemble, and which "opened its fan-lke leaves to the light, sed them beneath the kisses of night, Prudence Dalton. Tell me of her. these tiny leaslets were now folded in senting thin edges to the sky, hardly grouped into another general division; "She is my dear aunt," answered distinguishable from the thin seed-

ormed than their drowsy neighbors,

and had trodden on a number of the

plants ere I discerned them, for, like

Ora, warmly, "and her name is Dal- pods among them. The nature of the nocturnal movements and attitudes of plants, both in man, with emotion, "long ago, before leaves and flowers, has long been a you were born, I was the happy pos- theme of speculation among botanists. sessor of Prudence Dalton's young and In the case of many flowers the night attitudes have been conclusively "You-you that heartless villain!" shown to have relation solely to their

The drooping attitude of leaves at "Stay until you have heard my night was commonly supposed to indistory and then you can judge me as cate an aversion to moisture, many plants assuming the same position Ora turned back and stood looking during rain as in the dew, thus seeming to verify the conjecture; but when "During what was intended to be a the same pranks were played in a short absence from Prudence," he re- cloudy day or a dewless night, the exoptic nerve. Learning from the best ready described seem to be assumed medical authorities that the case was only in the darkness, and this invar-"I was thinking," he replied, "of a hopeless, and having no longer any lably, dew or no dew, while the leaves young lady who, I feel sure, will means of self-support, I returned, seem to revel in the rain, remaining

THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE.

Harem's Prettiest Darling. Through the kindness of the wife ofsoon forget me and learn to love an- Aziz, I had a short audience with sev-Numberless questions were asked other, able and willing to do all for eral of the ladies of the royal harem, and in particular with the then reign-Ora ran impulsively to his side and, ing favorite. Her name was really young girl like you than love, with all Bertha Lenox was installed in the throwing her arms about his neck, Nazip Hanum, but being one of the seven week ladies, as they are called. "If my Prudence is as forgiving as she was known as Pazar Gunuh Hayou are we may be happy yet," he num, or Lady Monday. The seven said, tenderly returning her embrace, prime favorites out of all the women There was a joyful reunion that Their Monday is our Saturday. This has been mother, sister, every thing in ever, but his bearing seemed cold contions of the great happiness in store and was still the "has cadine Hanum," fact, from my earliest recollections." trasted with his affectionate familiarity for her aunt that she almost forgot or first lady and favorite. She was her own troubles and gave little about five feet, six inches in height, He continued his visits to the house, thought to the awkwardness of her and had dark bronze-colored hair, rather long features and high forehead, and most beautiful large eyes of clear greenish gray, with thick, long, curling lashes. She was not stout nor slender, and had regular baby hands and feet. Her teeth were the whitest and evenest I ever saw, and she had a dimple in each cheek and in her chin, at her wrists, and every finger and toe was dimpled. Her complexion was an artful blending of red and white, and her eyebrows were darkened, and there was at the corpers of her mouth the drollest little expression of mockery that I ever saw.

She were long, full pantaloons of bright yellow satin, with a shalva of ner to leave the entire bust completely pelled him on his aerial flight, and he warding prisons and the mines. silk gauze pembezar or chemise with clutched in his hand. long sleeves was worn under the jacket,

way, watching for her niece. She catisfying herself that she was un- now, for her lover, Horace Manning | UNCLE SAM'S GOVERNMENT. | brute would scream in the very frenzy A Description of the Executive Powers of

the Different Departments.

sands of agents to perform-must be ar- around, made as if he would have ranged and treated in an orderly and marched straight through the diningsystematic manner. To expect the tent, where the snowy cloth glistened President to give it his close personal white under the tent lamps, then, with attention and directly superintend the a parting shrill, trumpeting scream of doings of each agent, would be absurd. | concentrated wrath and malice, some The magnitude and diversity of the fresh idea seemed to enter his dework demand its separation into parts, mented brain, and he rushed into the and the general supervision or manage- jungle. ment of each part must be intrusted to a separate officer. On this business like the peal of joy-bells on our anxious basis, and in accordance with the de- ears, and a muffled voice from beneath sign of the Constitution, Congress has the folds of the shamlana in Mac's divided the work among seven ex- well-known tones, groaned out; "Look ecutive departments, each in charge of alive, you fellows, and get me out of a general officer or "head of depart- this, or I'll be smothered!" ment," known, respectively, as the In trying to get out of the way of Secretary of State, the Secretary of the the first rush of the elephant, his foot Treasury, the Secretary of War, the had caught in one of the tent ropes, Attorney-General, the Postmaster-Gen- and the whole falling canopy had then eral, the Secretary of the Navy, and come bodily upon him. Under these the Secretary of the Interior; and the he had lain, able to breathe, but not work of each department is still further | daring to stir, while the savage beast subdivided and distributed among had behaved as has been described. His 'bureaus" and 'divisions" and minor escape had been miraculous. The cloth 'offices," in charge of lesser heads or had several times been pressed so close chiefs, designated as "commissioners," over his face as nearly to stifle him. The superintendents," "directors," and by brute, in one of his savage, purpose various other general or special titles. less thrusts, had pierced the ground erly means one of the grand divisions his Afghan choga, or dressing-gown, of Government work boldly marked out deep in the earth; and he said he felt or suggested by the express provisions | himself sinking into unconsciousness, of the Constitution. These grand di- what with tension of nerve and brain visions readily arrange themselves. and semi-suffocation together, when The sovereign relations of the Repub- the brute had happily got up and lie with foreign powers, and its official | rushed off." intercourse with the Governments of the States at home may be regarded as one distinct grand division; accord- ever I recognized that the brute was ingly, we have the Department of State. on me, I felt at once that my only The coinage, currency, revenue, and chance of safety was to lie perfectly general fiscal affairs suggest another still. Once or twice the oppression great branch of work; hence, we have on my face from the heavy canvas was mention of armies suggest work that tusk buried itself in the earth close to in time of trouble is likely to tax the my side, I could scarcely refrain from energy of a separate division; thus, we calling out." very appropriately have a Department "It must have grazed your ribs?" of War. The prosecution of offenses against the United States, and other turn quite unconcerned. All sorts of judicial matters wherein the interests | funny ideas came trooping across my of the Republic are concerned consti- brain. I couldn't, for the life of me, tute a general division, represented by help feeling cautiously about for my the Department of Justice. The postal pipe, which had dropped somewhere service, as one of the most intricate near when I tripped on the ropes. I and important branches of Gov- seemed, too, to have a quick review of ernment work, certainly forms all the actions I had ever done, and another grand division; therefore, we was just dropping off into a dreamy have the Post-office Department. unconsciousness, after pulling a des-

or land defense, forms a separate di- your voices roused me to sensation vision; and thus we have the Depart- once more."-From Hon. J. Ingles' ment of the Navy. The various mat- "Tent Life in Tiger-Land." ters of domestic concern, not covered in these other departments, but contemplated by the Constitution, such as the census, public lands, patents, and A Touching Incident of Life on the Great "odds and ends," may be conveniently and thus we have the very miscel

ment of the Interior. ments are intrusted matters which, on Siberian road, waiting for horses. their face at least, do not strictly be- Suddenly my attention was attracted long to the grand division to which by a peculiar, low-pitched, quavering Durable they have been assigned by law. For sound which came to us from a disinstance, the "Weather Bureau" is a tance, and which, although made apbureau of the War Department; the parently by human voices, did not work being intimately connected with resemble any thing that I had ever Are Diamond Dyes. They excel all others the peaceful interests of agriculture before heard. It was not singing, nor in Strength, Purity and Fastness, None others and commerce, it is very generally de- chanting, nor wailing for the dead, but are just as good. Beware of imitations-they manded that it should be taken from a strange blending of all three. It are made of cheap and inferior materials and military control and placed elsewhere. suggested vaguely the confused and -Edmund Alton, in St. Nicholas.

-----AN ELEPHANT'S RAGE.

A Hunter's Hair-Breadth Escape From an expression in shricks or high-pitched Angry "Tusker."

We all started to our feet. George bare-headed convicts, who, surrounded had just gone down to the bank of the by a cordon of soldiers, were marching river to where the cooking was going slowly through the settlement singing on, which lay nearer the mad ele- the "exiles' begging song." No atphant's picket. By this time the ter- tempt was made by the singers to pitch ror-stricken servants were flying in all their voices in harmony or to prodirections. The huge brute, with in- nounce the words in unison; there finite cunning, had all along been were no pauses or rests at the ends of making mighty efforts to wrench up the lines; and I could not make out the stake to which he was bound. This any distinctly marked rhythm. The at last he had succeeded in doing. singers seemed to be constantly break-With the first desperate bound, or ing in upon one another with slightly lurch forward, the heavy ankle chains, modulated variations of the same frayed and worn in one link, had slow, melancholy air, and the effect snapped asunder; and with the huge produced was that of a rude fugue or stake trailing after him, he charged of a funeral chant, so arranged as to down on the camp with a shrill be sung like a round or eatch by a trumpeting scream of maddened ex- hundred male voices, each independent citement and savage fury. The men of the others in time and melody, but with the spears waited not for the onset. | all following a certain scheme of vocal-One poor fellow bending over his pot ization, and taking up by turns the of rice, trying to blow the smoldering same dreary, wailing theme. The embers of his fire into a flame, was words were as follows: seized by the long flexible trunk of the infuriated brute, and had but time to utter the terrible death scream which had startled us, ere his head was smashed like an egg shell on the powerful knee of the maddened monster. He next made a rush at the horses that, excited and frightened by the clamor around them, were straining at their ropes, and buried his long blunt tusks in the quivering flanks of one poor Caboolee horse that had

struggled in vain to get free. All this was the work of a moment Poor George, who was bending over some stew pan, wherein was simmering some delicacy of his own concoc-

and told a slave to do it. I thought each other's faces. Every thing showed in Century. look en and think every thing is an add- canopy about as a dog would worry a dertook to carry a 103-pound beer keg She emerged in a few moments, closely swered, releasing her. "She has no folks to do the same thing.—Cor. N. made by the tusks into the folds of walking six miles he gave up, declar-velled and carrying a small valles, time to devote to her brother Arthur. Y. Times.

of his wrath, and at last, after what seemed an age to us, but which in reality was but a few minutes, he stag-The great mass of work imposed apon the Executive Power of the Gov- gered to his feet (for all this time he ernment-embracing so many distinct had been kneeling.) shook his massive subjects, and requiring so many thou- bulk, looked fiercely and defiantly

Just then a smothered groan struck

An executive department, then, prop- between his arms and his ribs, pinning

"How did you feel?" I asked. "Well, I can hardly tell you. Whenthe Department of the Treasury. The almost suffocating, and when the huge

"It did. After that I seemed to plants even more fast asleep and trans- Maritime protection, like the military perate race with my old crew, when ---

EXILES' BEGGING SONG.

Siberian Road.

laneous, yet not misnamed, Depart- heard it for the first time. We were THE ONLY sitting, one cold, raw, autumnal day, To some of these executive depart- in a dirty post station on the great commingled sobs, moans and entreaties of human beings who were being subjected to torture, but whose sufferings were not acute enough to seek cries. As the sound came nearer we "Run, run, sahibs-the tusker has went out into the street in front of gone 'must' [mad]. He has broken the station-house and saw approaching a chained party of about a hundred

> Have pity on us, O our fathers! Don't forget the unwilling travelers, Don't forget the long-imprisoned. Feed and help the poor and needy! Have compassion, O our fathers! Have compassion, O our mothers! For the sake of Christ, have mercy On the prisoners—the shut-up ones! Behind walls of stone and gratings, Behind bars and locks of iron, We have parted from our fathers, From our mothers, Ve from all our kin have parted, We are prisoners: Pity us, O, our fathers!

If you can imagine these words, half sung, half chanted, slowly, in broken tion, was not aware of the suddenly time and on a low key, by a hundred altered aspect of affairs, till the huge voices, to an accompaniment made by towering bulk of the elephant was the jingling and clasking of chains, almost over him. Another instant you will have a faint idea of the purple silk trimmed around the long and he would have shared the fate of "Miloserdnaya," or exiles' begging separate breadths with red ribbon the hapless mahout, had he not, with song. Rude, artless and inharmon quilted on. Around her waist a cash- admirable presence of mind, delivered lous as the appeal for pity was, I had mere shawl was twisted, making a the hissing hot stew, with quick dex- never in my life heard any thing so thick, ungainly wad. A green velvet terity and precision, full in the gaping mournful and depressing. It seemed jacket embroidered with gold and coral mouth of the furious brute. His next to be the half-articulate expression of beads was buttoned tight at the bottom sensation, however, was that of flying all the grief, the misery, and the de-Nothing, however, of an embarrass- with diamond buttons and cut out through the air, as the brute, with spair that had been felt by generations pompadour fashion in front in a man- one swing of his mighty trunk, pro- of human beings in the etapes, the for-

exposed, while it was high in the back. | fell souse in the middle of the stream, | As the party marched slowly along There were short sleeves. A Russia with the sauce pan still tightly the muddy street between the lines of gray log houses, children and peasant Over the river we could see the in- women appeared at the doors with so that the bust was covered with a furiated brute, who had thus scattered their hands full of bread, meat, eggs, "I am sorry to leave so soon," she Meantime Ora, impelled by a feeling transparent film. The neck and wrists us, in a perfect frenzy of rage, kneel- or other articles of food, which they provide himself with an umbrella, and under its friendly shelter they hast winter having as much promise the basing as much promi our marriage until next winter. But down to the meadow. She paused at now we have concluded to hasten it, to last on the very spot where, only hangings and canvass, in the very ling of chains and the wailing voices before, she and ures. Her hair was braided in hun- abandonment of mad, uncontrollable of the exiles grew gradually fainter dreds of little strands and hung down rage. We had little doubt but that and fainter as the party passed up the She were no stockings and her pretty ponderous animal, or mangled out of turned to re-enter the post station, I She started and trembled violently. pink toes were sometimes thrust into all likeness to humanity by the ter- felt a strange sense of dejection, as if FLOYD & MOONEY, MEMPHIS. and charmed. "But are you not scep- They talked for some time, and it "My poor, little, frightened bird the scarlet gold embroidered slippers rible tusks that we could see flashing the day had suddenly grown colder, tical about friendship, as well as love?" was arranged, at Bertha's request, will forget her fears when I tell her and sometimes left bare as she reclined in the clear moonlight. It seemed an darker, and more dreary, and the said, tenderly, as his detaining arms | She wanted her shoulder scratched our breaths, and dared not look into some and oppressive. - George Kennan,

-In front of a shoe store in Columbus, Ga., stands a stuffed bear shin. A visitor was passing eating pecans. Is that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of While he was opening the nuts and devouring their contents he became oblivious to his surroundings. Raising his eyes in front of the store he found knife vigorously, he cut the stuffing from the imaginary wild beast in a heart of a Rocky Mountain hunter. The bear is dead, and the young man wished he was, too, many times since, when being teased by his fun-loving

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